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RAINBOW GOLD

MURIEL KINNEY



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RAINBOW GOLD

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

MURIEL KINNEY

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To
all the angels
this book is lovingly
and reverently dedicated.

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RAINBOW GOLD

MY GIFT TO THEE

A forest tree was I
And thou Apollo.
My feet grew deep, oh
Deep in earth, but high
My head was reaching, nigh,
So nigh to thee and to thy sky.
Ah, glorious thou!
Upon my leaves that dance
Down falls thy living glance,
And with that touch of thee
Is born the soul of me
Into far eternity
Of life in wild-wood tree:
Ah the mystic, wild-life melody,
And the rapture of the wood
When beneath thy kiss I stood!

I was of the sea, a mist,
And thou Apollo.
Ah the ways to follow
Wheresoe'er I list!
Deep within the caverns hollow,
High in air among the fallow
Cattle of thy herd,
Till on a day,
Thy swift, bright ray
Shot my spray,
And made me gay
In crimson, green and yellow;
And thy playing
Through my spraying
Caught and changed me into spirit:—
Listen, Sweet, oh list and hear it!

A harp was I of old,
And thou wert Apollo.
Mute was I and hollow
Till thy hands did hold
And string me,
With thy mystic soul
In music bring me
Into harmony:
Didst the forest's old-time singing,
And the ancient, deep-sea's ringing
Waken once more in my spirit:—
Deep within thee, dost not hear it?
Thou heldest me thy beating heart so near,
Struck my chords, all tense and taut with fear,
Brought forth music from the soul of me
Consecrate to thee through all eternity.

Joy and wonder of the wood,
Depth and tumult of the sea,
(And its deep serenity),
Of them both the mystery,
Bring I, love, to thee,
Wrapped within my womanhood.
Listen, dear, and thou shalt hear
Music hid by thee
In the soul of me
Since that far eternity,
When thy heart so near
Thou heldest me,
Tuning wonderly,
With thee in harmony,
All my spirit-hood
Fetched from heaven, sea and wood.

MY SOUL AND I

(*To My Soul*)

Oh soul, my soul, why didst thou bring just me
To company thy servitude to Time?
Thou voyager from vast eternity
Oh, how hadst thou the stern temerity
To bring this helpless me with whom to climb
The steeps of human life, and, I with thee,
To strive and win thine immortality?
Was there no other, oh thou soul sublime?

Naught but an entity of suffering
Am I. My feet how faltering, how slow!
I am not clothed to bear the buffeting
Of crowded ways, nor cold of mountains tall,
Oh how thou tuggest while I faint and fall!
Let be! I cannot climb where thou wouldst go!

(My Soul To Me)

Oh self, myself, why dost thou me ensnare
With impotencies? Clippest thou my wings
To spare thy bleeding feet? All spirit things
Need freedom. On the cruel, narrow stair
Of thine endeavor dies my famished song,
Which else had borne thee to the heights unwearied,
Which else had borne for thee by ways so serried
The buffets and the scorn, and hushed all wrong.

Let be, oh weary one, for we must go
Rejoicing in God's freedom, hand in hand;
With song and gladness let us win our way
O'er stormy seas, o'er rocks and desert land.
Through mocking crowds we'll sing our sweetest
lay;
With joys divine we'll take the sting from woe.

OUR EARTH REFRAIN

If God, upon his throne above, bend low
Our mighty heart-strung orchestra to hear,
All keyed to spirit music, must his ear
Beware, as forth the pulsing pain-waves flow,
Of anguish infinite; and listening so
His father heart, compact with sympathy,
Must feel of pain and love infinity:—
Our Father, listening with his heart keyed so!

For multitudinous on earth below
The heart-lyres, minor-strung and sensitive,
Still played upon by all the winds that blow,
And struck by heedless fingers punitive:
'Twould seem e'en God's great heart to break were
fain,
Touched by the anguish in our earth-refrain.

AFTER-GLOW

Lord of heaven, hear my prayer!
When my spirit standeth there
Where to life the portals open,
And the call, "come forth" is spoken,
When I leave this life of seeming
May it be by star-light's gleaming.
Lord of vastness, hear my prayer!

Lord of music, list my praying:—
I would go while winds are playing
Symphonies upon the growing
Leaves of trees and blossoms glowing,
Seeming like the angels singing
Come to waft me by their winging
To the Lord who answers prayer.

Lord of glory, I implore Thee,
Let not weeping sound before Thee,
Let a glow like that of evening
Bright'ning all the world of seeming,
Pass into the hearts that love me,—
After-glow of love above me,—
As I leave, oh Lord of Prayer!

MARIANNE

Up the winding, steep ascent
Sings Marianne.
She will not heed her heart's lament,
My Marianne!

Joyously she seems to climb,
Sweet Marianne!
Singing, meanwhile, songs divine,
Brave Marianne!

Caroling beneath her load
Goes Marianne,
Spurning still her need's sharp goad,
Fair Marianne!

Ever before her she sees a bright gleam,
Caught from some far-away, fanciful dream,
A something that cheers her and makes her glad,—
Is it illusion? Sweet child are you mad?
Always to follow, to follow and sing,
To follow so fondly a flickering thing,
A will-o-the-wisp, a phantom, a ray,—
Why is it, Marianne? Tell me I pray.

Sweet Marianne pauses, I look in her eyes.
The light in their depths she has caught from the
skies;
But the pain underneath tells the price she must pay
For the joy in her voice as she sings her sweet lay.
Now I see and I know all the joy-song has cost,—

The wounds on her feet count the dear things she's
lost
For the labor of loving and bearing her load,
For singing so joyously, spite of the goad,
Which urges and spurs her along on the way.
Ascend, oh my Marianne, follow your ray!
Beyond the sharp rocks is the sky so blue
I pray you may find there your wishes come true.

Still a-winding up the way
Goes Marianne,
Caroling her wondrous lay,
Sprite Marianne!

Her rippling song she flings aloft
(Ah, Marianne!)
While wishing death, ay, sad and oft!
Sweet Marianne!

Ah, sing forever, Marianne!
Sing away!
Heaven must yield, oh Marianne,
To thy lay!

RUBY-THROAT

(*To G. W. K.*)

There was a sacred room where as a child
I hushed my step and muffled soft my voice,—
A place where ever silence might rejoice:
Its windows gave upon a tangle wild
Of grape and apple, linden screens beyond
Shut in this sanctuary to the mild,
Firm goddess of the mind, thy early choice,
To whom was dedicate this room so fond;

But once a troop of us were summoned there
To see a wondrous, tiny, pulsing thing,—
A ruby set in plumes of emerald,—
Which in thy gentle brother-hand was held.
'Twas like the glow of Love's deep flame a-wing
Intruding on Athene's limpid air.

HUMAN CARE

(*To McD. M. K.*)

Oh blissful moment when from childish play
Thy two strong arms would seize and toss me high
So very far above thee,—very nigh
To heaven seeming! Then my arms I'd lay
About thy neck; and oh, the bliss to stay
Sheltered there from insubstantial air
A moment, in the blest security
Of loving arms,—of happy human care!

But rarer joy when from eternity
Thy spirit bendeth low to me in pain,
To seize and bear my spirit far amain
Upon the purple-scented rarity
Of insubstantial dreams, where love is fain
To wash away all hurt of human care.

BEECH-TREE SWINGS

(*To C. B. K.*)

When we were children, brother, you and I,
We used to wander through the leafy wood
To where some giant beech-tree stately stood
To sweep with silvery branches earth and sky;
Ah me, how deft thy boyish fingers ply
To weave a fairy swing of suppleness
In which to toss thy little sister high
Rejoicing in her gleeful happiness;

But now our beech-tree swings are of the past,
Dear childhood days have vanished quite away.
We may not ask that things so sweet should last,
Nor that our lives should all be merry play;
And yet, I would Time's sand fell not so fast
To hide the things we love so deep away.

A CALL TO SPRING

The long gray line of the winter sky
Changes to a purple mist;
For spring's sweet spirit broods the earth,
Broods the forest, sunshine kissed,
Snowflake-bathéd, frost-bespangled,—
In winter's bands so fast entangled
Only sweet Persephone
Can his mighty forces free,—
Set great forest's heart a-beating,
(Beats each tiny heart's repeating)
With love's dear message to the world.

So we stand as did Demeter,
Hearts all glowing-glad to greet her,
Dearest, sweet Persephone!
"Come," we call, "oh come to me!
Bring the things of early springtime,
Buds and blossoms, wild-birds' wing time,
Purple mist and rain-drop's sparkle,
Throstle's pipe where pine trees darkle,
Perfumes sifting through the lifting
Airs of Zephyrs,—richly gifting
Me. Ah, come, Persephone!"

MY GARDEN OF HOPE

In my garden, my garden of delight,
In my dreaming, my dreaming of the night,
Still the places, sweet places out of sight,
Wide the spaces, sweet spaces full of light,
Under starbeams, in silvery moonshine white,
Under sunbeams, golden daytime bright,
Grows my heart's dear treasure, my delight,
Blood-red are its blossoms, blossoms bright!

On my garden, my garden of delight,
Deepest snows have fallen, cruel sight!
Oh, my lovely treasure, treasure bright!
Leaves of green have withered, withered quite,
And the blood-red blossoms feel the blight
Of the north-wind's blowing, and the fright
Of the cruel fetters, fetters tight,
Bound about my treasure, my delight!

To my garden, my garden of delight,
To my dreaming, my dreaming of the night,
To the wide, sweet spaces, now so white
Under stars and gleaming moon so bright,
Resurrection angels, swift their flight,
Bring the key of Easter, heavenly sight!
See my heart's dear treasure, my delight,
Leaf and blood-red blossoms, perfect quite!

LIFE ETERNAL

All of my treasure I would give to thee,
Still give thee more,
Wealth without measure packed in the heart of me—
Womanhood-lore;

Merriest laughter I would peal for thee,
Gladness my store,
Molten pearls wring from the soul of me,—
From my heart's core;

Nay, but my treasure, it is naught to thee,
Naught is my lore,
Of all that my love can wring out of me
Thou keepest no store;

Therefore forth on the seas I have cast it,
My heart and its lore,
Neither winds nor tides can blast it,
Nor rains that pour,
For Love, its life, renews, rebuilds it,
Forevermore,
And whenever Love so wills it,
My bark shall shore.

THE SONG OF THE OLD CHERRY CHEST

In the forest long ago,
I was swaying to and fro,
Birds were singing in my leafy top
While their nests and nestlings I would rock,
Swaying, swaying to and fro
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest in the spring,
My enchanted robe I'd fling
O'er my graceful, bare and perfect head,
Green and white swift bursting from the red,—
Growing, growing in the glow
Of the forest, long ago.

In the forest at my feet
Life's quick blood was flowing fleet
Through the mosses, ferns and creeping things,
While above the many painted wings
Fluttered, fluttered to and fro
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest, mad with joy,
I would make the wind my toy,
Shake his unmelodious breathing hard
Into music. Ah, a rapturous bard
Was I, swaying to and fro
In the forest, long ago.

Silent now, close housed I stay
Holding, safely tucked away,
Household linens fair, in snowy piles:—
Oh the forest! Oh the sweetwood wiles!
And the swaying to and fro
In sweet air, so long ago!

Sometimes, on a rainy day,
When the children round me play,
Shouting, singing, scampering of feet.
All their merry racket sounds as sweet
As life's pulsing, to and fro
In the forest, long ago.

In the forest, long ago
How life swayed me to and fro!
How the children of the wood-folk wild
Called and played, e'en as a human child!
'Tis of life the ebb and flow
Here and now as long ago.

LOVE THE WINGED

*(Suggested by the xxth ode in the vth book of
Ronsard)*

Swift, oh swallow, is thy flight
Southward; and the sea-rim bright,
Pearling all the dark land-borders,
Guideth thee to summer weather,
Thee and all thy flock together,
As thy keen eye scans the waters.

Nay, but Love, swift-winged like thee,
Came as thou in spring to me, —
Love the wingéd still remaineth
Nestled in my heart,
Fleeth not tho skies be dark,
Nestleth there tho summer waneth!

Empty is thy nest, oh swallow,
Thou hast left it but to follow
Shimmer of the sea-coast bright:—
Love, the blessed, close hath nested
In my heart,—there hath rested
All the days and every night!

To my song his wings he giveth,
On our song my glad heart liveth,
Song of pure delight!
Brightness of the sea-rim's pearling
In our mutual song is whirling
Over life's deep waters bright!

FLORENCE

The swiftly flowing Arno winds about the city
Dante loved. Her waters, turgid yellow now,
Anon translucent green shot through with slanting
light

Like Miniato's marble windows on the hill,
Fret themselves as ever at the piers of bridges
Over which the mighty histories of bygone
Centuries have passed, and pass again. About
Their storied arches foaming, she sighs, and sings
a sad

And melancholy strain,—of love neglected, banished,
Crime protected, crowned, and glories won for Flor-
ence

By the sweat of souls divine whose love still lingers
In the surcharged air.

Oh Florence, greatly hast thou sinned and dearly
hast been

Loved! Divinest suffering, most dear-wrought la-
bors

Made thee fair and keep thee dear! Thou memory
Of ecstacies, dreams made permanent in stone,
Chiselled raptures, visions tangible, thou haunt
Of spirits banishèd, the very skies bend down
To kiss thy well-loved towers, and in the silent night,
Great Angelo again breathes low:—"Disturb me not,
Speak softly, glad am I to sleep—a-rest in stone."

THE VOICE OF THE BLUE BIRD

When March's windy skies are blue
The air is vocal the whole day through
With the voice of the bluebird.
The voice of the bluebird sings to me
In my inmost soul of eternity:
"God is good to me, and to thee."

When raging March-time winds do blow,
Whitening the earth with driven snow,
The soul of springtime rides the blast
Whirling down, so fast, so fast,
While soft and clear his voice wings past,
"God is good to me, and to thee."

The season waxes, June is here,
Sound myriad voices far and near;
But I list to hear in June's full choir
The voice of bluebird, living lyre,
Singing of love to his mate, so true,
"I love, I love thee, tru-a-lou."

But in his joy, his ecstasy,
He rememb'reth well his early lay,
He bethinks him still of eternity
For he mounts on his heavenly wings to say,
"God is good to me, and to thee,—
God is good to me alway!"

THE TERNS OFF GAY HEAD

Dip and dive in the purple sea,
Skim o'er the dancing wave,
Glorious wings, swift shimmering things,
Riding the flood white breasts to lave!
And one laughs out at the drops he flings
Back into ocean's pulsing breast,
(Pearls in topaz finding rest!)
And one soars high, himself to lose,
Into thin air his fire to fuse,
While above the bright throng's playing
Pales the East and glows the West.
Dancing ocean 'neath them staying
Myriad creatures for their quest!
And the music of their winging!—
Wondrous soft like mystic playing
Of a mind, or far stars singing.
Maddest joy incarnate they!
Soaring high o'er purple ocean,
Finding ecstasy in motion,
Wheeling, dipping, diving,—nay,
Such a rhythmic sweet commotion
Stirs forever in their play,
That I fain would bide forever
Gazing on their revelry!

AYAH-NAH

(A Gay Head Indian Myth)

Along the sea, against the sky
The brown path runs beneath the sun,
Beneath the dusk and the stars;
But a mist creeps up and blots the bars
Of gold and red where day is done
When sea-gulls call and curlews cry.

Along the path, against the sky,
Whom do I see, when day is done,
Carrying nets and fishing rods?
Along the path she glides, nor plods,
Into the mist that blots the sun,
Into the mist she seems to fly.

Into the mist she fades away,
The creeping mist that blots the sun,
The rising mist that veils the stars,
She glides and fades. The golden bars
Shine again where day is done
Out shine the stars at close of day.

Along the sea, against the sky,
Saw ye a form that seemed to float,
To float on the path so brown,
Just as the sun was sinking down,
To float, then dwindle to a moat,
And fade away before your eye?

Along the sea, against the sky,
Ayah-Nah is wont to go
Carrying fish and nets and such,—
You may reach, you may not touch
Ayah-Nah as to and fro
She passes slow but seems to fly.

Along the sea, beneath the sky,
The breakers roll with crashing sound
But Ayah-Nah will speak no word,
Tho' all have seen, no one has heard
Old Ayah-Nah, as o'er the ground
She passes slow and seems to fly.

Along the sea, against the sky
Ayah-Nah and creeping mist
Come and go. They float on air
Then fade away. Ah, search ye there
To find some maid by lover kissed,—
For this old Ayah passeth by.

THE SOUTH SHORE SEA

Thalatta, Thalatta, purple and green,
Oh sea, with thy shimmering, glancing sheen,
And thy sand-dunes heaped along the rim
Of the south shore beach where swallows skim,
Where smoke from Moshup's pipe is seen
Circling high into distance dim,—
Thalatta, Thalatta, silver thy sheen!

Thalatta, Thalatta, sacred thy shore
To Moshup the prophet wise, before
The red man came to Aquinnah-land,
Moshup the prophet sat and scanned
Thy wondrous waters deep. Of yore
He sat and smoked, vast labors planned,
Thalatta, Thalatta, upon thy shore.

Thalatta, Thalatta, Ol' Squant is there;
And her hair floats out on the autumn air,—
Ol' Squant, the mighty Moshup's squaw,
She draws her hair as a veil of awe
Over her face for sight too fair,
(That face no one save Moshup saw)
Thalatta, Thalatta, neath Ol' Squant's hair.

Thalatta, Thalatta, shimmering sheen,
On thy shore sits nature's marvellous queen,
Veiled in mystery, Ol' Squant's hair,
Floating soft in the autumn air,
A dusky, fine, effectual screen
Between our eyes and her face so fair,—
Thalatta, Thalatta, purple and green!

Thalatta, Thalatta, the heart of thee
Beats for Ol' Squant, the wonderful she
The queen of nature, so vast and grand
Who sits on thy shore mid shifting sand,
Tossing her hair in the air so free,
Silently brooding the life of the land,—
Thalatta, Thalatta, she broodeth thee!

Thalatta, Thalatta, this story old
Still to the children of men is told
Of Moshup the great, Ol' Squant, his wife,
Living before and after this life,
Planning in beauty all earth to mold
And thee, with thy multitudinous life,
Thalatta, Thalatta, in her hair to fold.

MUTTER-SEELEN-ALLEIN

(On the hearth of the old Tilman house.)

On the dead home-hearth I sit
While the embers fall away
Into phantoms:—formless, gray
Ghosts of by-gone fires lit
Here by mother when her heart was gay.

By my mother's hearth I dream
Of her life e'er I was born,
Of her life now I'm forlorn,
Searching blindly for a gleam,—
Gleam of hope to see her some sweet morn!

Here my mother stood a bride
Tiptoeing to womanhood,
Reaching still for higher good,
Love and service all her pride,
Here she stood, her husband at her side.

Ah, the red gold of her hair
Shining in the firelight!
Then, (it was their bridal night,)
He and she sat in the flare
Of their youthful hopes and dreams so fair.

Love with service, toil with tears
Mother gave, while with the sea
Father battled valiantly:—
Oh, the labor, faith and fears
Wrought and suffered here throughout the years!

Here have toiled her loving hands,—
Underneath the sod they lie!
That such lovely things could die
Binds my heart with icy bands,
Oh, my mother, far in after-lands!

Cold and very comfortless
Is my mother's hearth tonight,—
Weird the flickering fire-light;
And the dead bricks motionless
Chill my heart to utter lonesomeness.

Listen, tho', within the gloom,
Hovering about my head,
Hear I voices of the dead
Bringing sweetness as a bloom
Of youthful life within the dead-home room.

All the chill has passed away
For I feel her love unfold
Springing out of embers old
Coming to my heart to stay,
My mother's love,—forever and a day!

With my mother's soul alone
Sit I by the embers glow,
I will fan them,—make them grow
Into ruddy flames,—atone
For my doubt, and oh, my doubt has flown!

Glor'ously the flames leap up,—
Resurrection flames of love,
Incense, floating far above,
For my mother's loving cup
She has held again for me to sup.

Envoy

Here beneath her hearth-stone's flare
Mother's spirit, sweet and rare,
Bideth still her child to cherish
Lest my soul should wholly perish.
With my mother's soul alone
May I all my sin atone!

REMEMBER ME

When I am gone, if thou must stay,
Oh sweet my heart, I would not have thee griev-
ing,
But, oh, remember me each day,
Morning, noon and evening!

Let the morning bring a thought,
Sweet thought, joy-thought, oh so gently weaving
Sense of me full tersely wrought
Into all thy being.

Let the noon-tide bring to thee
Strong thought, power-thought, good for all
achieving,—
Mayhap our Lord will let me be
Help for thy relieving.

And at evening when the shade,
Oh sweet my heart, falls aslant thy dreaming,
May my love which cannot fade
Still thy spirit's grieving.

HEART'S-HOMING

All the tender evening, when the sun has set,
Crescent moon low hanging in the west,
Cadences of vespers sparrows sounding yet,
(Each one singing near his own dear nest,)
Purple mist low creeping, laden with the scent
Of the blooming fruit-boughs,—all is blent,—
Sight and sound and all things lovely are for me
One sweet voice, belovéd, bringing thoughts of thee.

Down below the wooded bank where triliums
 blow,
Falling waters gurgle as they flow.
Happy waters, flowing swiftly out to sea,
Flowing to the ocean, and to thee!
Whip-poor-will is calling, Pewee wakes to sing,—
(Life is quick and stirring in the spring!)
But the only voice that soundeth glad to me
Is the falling waters' flowing off to thee.

Off across the meadow, clover tops are green
Till the dog-wood bushes make a screen.
See their moons of blossoms, how the star-light's
 gleam
Nestles in their whiteness like a dream!
There amid their branches, perching near his nest,
Cardinal is sleeping, sweet his rest!
Night has hushed his singing, but the mother heart
Of his mate is singing,—singing in the dark.

Orpheus' lyre above me sings a song of light.
(Crescent moon has left us and the night
Reigns supreme.) Far across the ocean bright
Vega, star of hope, may reach thy sight.
Ah, the brook is happy, happy Vega too!
Both are singing joyful songs and true,
Both are knowing of the sea and both of thee,
Both are singing to my heart one melody!

Thus my fancy wanders, led by love of thee,
Over field and forest, starry sky and sea.
In those far-off countries, full of things to know,
Hast thou thought, belovèd, "Now the triliums
blow?"
Dost thou miss the fragrance of the apple trees?
And the sougning of their branches in the breeze?
Hearest thou the waters, flowing swift to sea,
Telling thee of home, belovéd, and of me?

THE RIVER HÉAS IN WINTER

Thou art the sunshine on yon mountain peak
And I the stream below.

Flow, waters, flow,
Leap to the glow and flow!

Thou wottest naught of me sunk here so deep,
Nor hast thou thought to seek
A thing so low.

Flow, waters, flow,
Leap to the glow and flow!

The ice which glistens on yon mighty peak
Is cold and dead but red
In thy bright glow.

Flow, waters, flow,
Leap to the glow and flow!

Its mirror shines into my rocky bed
And red my waters flow:
Reflected glow
Of thy bright glance has made them so.

Flow, waters, flow,
Leap to the gleam and glow!

My heart has caught the glory of thy smile;
And thou, absorbed meanwhile
In high behest,
Hast heedlessly my rushing waters blessed,
Hast glorified their deep unrest,
As on they flow.

Glow, spirit, glow,
Leap to thy fate and glow!

In the gorge.

Troumouse, Jan. 1, 1912.

GOOD-BYE

Over the misty sea,
Under the sky,
Sails one so dear to me!
Sweet, good bye.

Sailing away from me,
Into the light,
Wonderful things to see!
Love, good night.

Cleaving the wine-dark sea,
Ship of steel,
Under the stars sails he,
Sharp the keel!

Here on the shore with me,
Starless night!
Forth on the vasty sea
All my light!

God of the mighty deep,
Guard his weal!
I pray thee safely keep
His so leal!

IN THE PURPLE EVENING

In the singing evening
He came to me,
In the glowing evening
Down beside the sea.
Then for one brief moment
Earth and sky stood still,
One transcendent moment,
While his look did thrill
All through and through me!—
In the purple evening
Down beside the sea.

DAWN

The night is fair but o'er the lea
Zephyr hints of dawn to be,
Come, my love, oh come with me
Under the sky e'er starlight flee.

See, on high bright Sirius gleams
Deep in the blue of night. He seems
Glorious as were our dreams,—
Rainbow colors in their beams.

Soon he will fade in daylight clear,
Lost as all our dreams so dear,
Shamed in the prose of mid-day drear:—
But, love, next night he will shine out clear!

And, oh, our dreams will return anew,
Bright as ever and more than true,—
They'll brighten our lives all through and through,
Sunk now in sorrow like night's deep blue:

Ah, see! he is gone,—is faded quite,
Our star in the young dawn's pearly light.
Good bye, oh Sirius, another night
We'll watch out here for your beams so bright.

See, love, yon gold that heralds morn
God conceived e'er yet were born
Stars:—or dreams were yet forlorn,
Or hope turned cold in daylight's scorn;

And oh, dear love, our life shall be
Once more beautiful and free,
Glad my word shall ring to thee
And glad thine answer back to me;

For God who loveth, e'er fulfilleth.
God, who in our hearts instilleth
Visions bright, will make them true,
Bring them, all the darkness through,
Into perfectness of beauty.

SECURITY

Deep is the sea and wide,—
So is thy soul.
Deep of the sea abide
While tempests roll.

Down in the heart of thee,
Under the tides,
There thy dear love for me
Safely abides.

Never am I afraid,—
Calm is my soul
While in thy depths 'tis stayed,
Tho' torrents roll.

Hail all ye winds that blow,
Futile are ye
For in still depths below,
Love shelters me.

Winter-bound tho' I be
Waves mountain high,
Sweet is the storm to me
Love being nigh.

Tempest or quiet sea,
Love let us spend
Life; and together be
Bound till the end.

EBB-TIDE

The tide is out, the sands are dry,
The sun has left the brazen sky,
Upon the waves the white gulls lie,
Dreamy and still, too faint to fly,
The air breathes not e'en with a sigh;
And oh, my heart it fain would die,
Its hope is dead that ran so high,
Its song is turned to moaning.

The tide is out, the aching sands
Sea-ward stretch their parching hands,
Swallows skim in scattered bands,
Away from desolated lands
They seek afar what life demands;
And oh, my heart, I fain would fly,
Dead is my hope that once ran high,
My music is but moaning.

Oh tide, wilt e'er again turn home,
With breezes lashing up to foam
The dead ebb-waters?
Will hope e'er come again to me?
Will life once more be glad and free?
Wilt one day cease, oh heart, thy moaning?

AND GOD FLUNG OUT HIS WORD TO ME

And God flung out His word to me,
"My child, whate'er betideth thee
Let love fore'er abide with thee
Suffer, strive and wait;
For love within thy heart shall be
A spring of life eternally,
Conqueror of fate."

SAILING

Oh the night it is dying,
Day-dawn is near,
Farewell to bed-lying,
We'll away on the mere
For the glad tide is swelling!

To the winds of day-dawning
Our sails we will spread,
On the wings of delight
Our bark is sped,
While the still tide is swelling!

Oh the air is opaline
O'er wine-dark seas,
Where they scatter pearls
To the waking breeze;
And the mad tide is swelling.

To the land of fulfilling
Our way we will take,
At the font of adventure
Our thirst we will slake
While the full tide is swelling!

To the keel of our bark
I whisper low,
To our sails and tiller,
"Be swift to go,—
(For the deep tide is swelling)

To the isles of sweet living
Where pain is dead,
To the strand of delight
Where joy is fed
On the tide's high swelling."

Oh high tide and still,
Our hopes wilt fill?
Wilt speed our going
Thou tide, in thy deep, mysterious flowing?

gay!

quite!

sway!

EVERYBODY'S SONG

The stars are singing in the sky,
The nightingale below,
The brook is singing at my feet
Where yellow cowslips grow.

The mind song fills the arching sky,
Great heart songs thrill the air,
And many a tender home song
Sings close to hearth-fire's flare.

So every little child of us
Should sing with main and might
The special song that's given him,—
Let's all sing true and right.

BIDE A WEE THY SPIRIT'S WAKING

My little one, I hold thee here
On my breast, on my breast,
To my heart thy heart is beating
Without rest, without rest!

Dainty petals are thy fingers
Sweetly prest on my breast,
With my soul thy soul is pleading
Unexprest, unexprest!

Life to thee my breast is giving
Oh my best, sleep and rest!
Do not plead for spirit's waking,—
Only rest on my breast.

I would give thee all thy yearning,
All thy quest,—still be blest!—
Light thy spirit, fan its burning,
Oh my blest, for thy best.

Just tonight I fain would keep thee
Closely pressed to my breast.
Bide a wee thy spirit's waking,
Sweetest, best, stay and rest!

A CHILD'S LOOK INTO LIFE

Wonder deep of sky so blue,
Mysteries of earth,
Marvels day and night all through,
Bringing into birth
Glories sweet of human living;
Poignancies of mirth
Changing swift to frantic sorrow
For a dream's poor worth:—

Beckoning of far hills blue
Into Fairyland,
Building cities great and new,
On the white sea sand,
Dreaming of some glory fine,
On the misty strand
Marked by dim horizon line,
Known as Grown-up-land:—

Swifter than kaleidoscope
Change his scenes forever,
Pulsing heart and thirsty spirit
Biding quiet never,
Dwelling e'er in heaven or near it
Let him still persevere,
Treading fast the onward way,
Forward pressing ever.

A LETTER

All the paths were lonely
Every nook was sad,
Now the day is lovely
And my heart is glad,

Just because a letter
Came from you, my dear,
Saying in a day or two,
You'll be with me here.

All the paths are ringing
Now with thoughts of thee,
Every bird is singing,
"Soon he'll be with me!"

So my heart is merry
That before was sad
And the day is very,
Very bright and glad!

CALL TO THE RAIN

Dear little raindrops
Up in the sky,
In your cloud-carriage
Floating so high,
Come to my babies
Planted so deep
Down in the brown earth,—
Soundly they sleep!

Come, little raindrops,
Out of the sky,
Come to my babies,
Fly hither, fly!
Sunbeams have wakened them
Warm and so dry!
Longing for raindrops
Riding up high.

In your dirigible
Up in the sky
Hear you my babies?
Hear how they cry!
Sunbeams who wakened them
Drank all the dew
Now my seed-babies
Are crying for you.

Dear little raindrops,
Turn on the screw
Of your bold flyer,
We're waiting for you.
All my wee babies,
Seeds not a few,
Down in the brown earth,
Hidden from view.

Waiting, dear raindrops,
Waiting for you,
Sunbeams who wakened them
Drank up their dew,—
Oh my poor babies!
Many, not few!
Hurry, dear raindrops,
We're waiting for you.

THE REEDS OF LA CRAU

Great Pan is dead? Ah no, ah no!
He liveth still and pipes also
Afar on the desolate plains of La Crau.
He pipes and plays the whole day through
Away on the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

Where is La Crau where Pan doth play?
You go on the train, then ride all day
In a wonderful, tumble-down one-horse-shay.
So come with me and I'll lead you true
Away to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau!

But first we must cross the ocean vast,
Great Heracles' gates eft-soon are past,
We land on Francia's strand at last,
Where *oui* is we and *trou* is true.
'Tis the way to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

Marseille's the town, I tell you true,
Where we take the train that takes us through,—
(Poky its pace, asleep its crew!)
But, bit by bit, I'll win with you
Away to the plains of La Crau, heigh-ho!
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know, I know!
He plays on the reeds, the reeds of La Crau.

The wonderful, tumble-down one-horse-shay
Is waiting there in colors gay
To take us two to the land where you
Shall hear great Pan the long day through
Piping away on the reeds of La Crau.
'Tis Pan that pipes, I know you'll know
'Tis Pan who plays on the reeds of La Crau!

THE PINCH

I love the sky,
I love the sea,
I love the birds
And every tree;
I love the grass,
The little brook,
The dainty flowers
Where e'er you look;
I love to play,
To laugh and sing,—
I think I love 'most everything.

I love the crowds
That come and go,
As to and fro
They pass along,
Some with a song,
Some with a blow,—
And some you know
But mostly not,—
They're such a lot!
And (oh, it's fun!)
I think I love 'most everyone.

I love to dance,
I love to sing,
I love to walk,—
I love to spring
Along the beech,
Ay, mile on mile,
And onward still!
I love a pile
Of things to fill
My day, my cup,—
I'd like to fill my life all up.

I love a nook,
A safe retreat,
A many a book,
Then curl my feet
And let my brains
Stretch out a bit,—
Indulge in strains
Of mother wit,—
To find a clue
And follow true,—
Ah, that's a dandy thing to do!

But ah, the pinch!
And where I flinch,
And wear my flesh
Quite to the bone,
And moan and groan
Each day a-fresh,—
'Tis such a mesh
I'm caught in fast,
Ay, first and last!
To turn a penny
I cannot, any! Not a penny!

A BALLADE OF THINGS GONE 'BYE

(After François Villon)

Tell me where, ay, where are stayed
The powder and patch my grandam wore?
Where the hoops and stiff brocade?
The dainty kerchief folded o'er
Where are the skirts, ten yards or more,—
For less would bring my grandam's scorn,—
Where are the things they wore of yore?
But where are the dews of yester-morn?

Where is that graceful courtesy dip?
Where the stately minuet?
The dances square they used to trip,
Virginia reel and lancers set,
And all that old-time etiquette
That passed so long e'er I was born?
Oh, where's the ball-room holds them yet?
But where are the dews of yester-morn?

Where are those quaint and stately ways
Our forebears practiced long ago?
Those grains of sand of former days
So pure and perfect, running slow,
Those sifting sands of life that flow
Ever anew in changing form,
Where are they now? For answer, lo,
Say where are the dews of yester-morn?

My friend, seek not to know today,
Seek not this thing to know, I warn,
But hold in mind this thing I say,
Where are the dews of yester-morn?

LONG AGO

I was standing in the garden,
 (This was eons long ago)
Bloss'ning trees were all about me,
 Birds were flitting to and fro,
Violets, narcissus, lilies
 Filled the air with sweet perfume,—
Just the time it was for loving,
 Tho' such ages long ago!

I was list'ning to the music
 On that day so long ago,
Singing birds were quite ecstatic
 Flitting restless to and fro
All at once I heard a footstep,
 (Hark, I hear its echo now!)
He is coming nearer, closer,
 Breathing now upon my brow!

Oh, I dared not lift my eyelids
 On that day so long gone bye!
God! the pain to be unloving
 When great Love is standing nigh!
Then he knelt and gently pleaded,
 Pleaded there in accents low
All beneath the sky of springtime
 In the garden, long ago.

I was standing in the garden,
Ages,—eons long ago,
Underneath the birds and blossoms,
One before me bending low,—
In my heart is still the echo
Of his pleading sweet and low,—
'Twas too early in the springtime
For an autumn flower to blow!

RAINBOW GOLD

When all the way has slipped behind me,
And I find the rainbow gold,
Mother will be there to meet me
With the look I knew of old.

She will greet me with her smiling
(Mother-smiles I knew of old)
She will teach me all the secrets
Of my rainbow gold.

Oh my mother, how thy spirit
Shineth through the rainbow gold!
Showing all the mystic meaning
Of the story told of old!

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